

# WHAT SPORTSMEN ARE TALKING ABOUT



## Here Are Toy Dogs Worth More Than Their Weight In Gold



Photos by American Press Association.

1—Olive Van Housen, and Japanese spaniel Omija, winner of first prize for dogs of all classes at New York toy dog show. 2—Miss Marion Kennedy and champion Pomeranian, Par-nauk Blackthorn. 3—Dainty Maid of Dyker in the cup she won. 4—Mrs. James Gardner Rossmann and Mrs. Carl Bauman and their rival Maltese terriers, Sweetie Dyker and Dyker Dolly, and the cups the dogs won.

By OSCAR DOYLE.

**W**ORTH its weight in gold?—once the popular phrase for "expressing great value." Gold is the most precious of the metals with which men are familiar, and certainly a very

little weight of gold in a man's pocket will make him feel comfortably prosperous. Placing the value of gold at \$300 a pound, one can see that a great weight is required to enable a man to have the wherewithal to meet a hotel bill or to pay for a new suit of clothes. Of course to turn a multimillionaire's possessions into gold and then undertake to transport the precious metal would be a different matter.

In toy dog shows that have recently been held and that will be held in various cities during the present winter dogs have been exhibited that are valued at \$500 or even \$1,000 a pound, for some of these toy dogs are weighed by ounces instead of pounds. So precious are they that one almost thinks they should be weighed by troy weight, not by avoirdupois, and the weights might fittingly be expressed in grains or pennyweights.

Take Champion Sweetie Dyker, a tiny Maltese terrier owned by Mrs. J. G. Rossmann. So small is he that he can be dropped into the cup he won as the champion of his class. Covered with long, silky hair, as he is, he seems larger than he is. If he were only a Mexican hairless dog one would see how tiny he is and would realize that

it would not take any great weight of gold in the opposite pan of the scales to raise Sweetie Dyker into the air. Of the varieties of toy dogs there seems to be no end. Only an expert can tell the various breeds apart, and each year China and Japan furnish new sorts that puzzle the experts. And there is often a question as to the right of certain breeds to be exhibited at a toy dog show. In England the present season the dachshund has been barred from competition. Perhaps this was a war measure; perhaps it was not. But in New York the dachshund was welcomed along with the French poodle,

the British bulldog and the Belgian shepherd. America is neutral so far as dog shows are concerned. The New York toy dog show furnished one surprise. Omija, a Japanese spaniel, was declared the very best dog of all breeds on exhibition. When Mat-ford Vic, George W. Quintard's wire haired fox terrier, said to be the best of its breed in the world by competent judges, entered the ring many of the exhibitors said, "What's the use of showing against that dog?" To every one around the ring it looked as if Vic was a 1 to 100 shot for the first ribbon. She had beaten Omija a short time be-

fore about her delight in having her pet singled out as the finest type of dog in the show.

If Omija did win, and win a very popular verdict, it does not remain that she was really the best in the show. The judges said that Matford Vic was really the topper of all, and even to the eye of the uninitiated she was a picture of perfection in dogflesh, as But-ton, the Ridgeway kennel master, showed her. The judges said, though, that as this was a toy dog show a toy should get the first prize, so Vic was placed in reserve.

Hector, the dog who does everything but talk, gave a most remarkable exhibition of his wonderful powers at the New York show. He is one of the few dogs in the world who have mastered the intricacies of the multiplication table. In fact, it would seem that mathematics is his forte.

His owner, J. Tryon, gave him several little problems in addition and multiplication to solve, and the clever canine snapped out his answers with the speed and accuracy of a lightning calculator. Since Hector talks in only the tongue common to dogs, he was aided by an interpreter. A ball was rigged up, and Hector announced his answers by ringing the gong.

There is an interesting story connected with the education of this clever white poodle, and snatches of it were learned as it passed from mouth to mouth about the ring recently. Mr. Tryon is a mining engineer and a couple of years ago was in a camp out on one of the alkali deserts of the west. When not engaged in his scientific work there was nothing to do but look at the sky and wish for something to happen. One day, while time hung heaviest on Mr. Tryon's hands, Hector whisked past him in mad pursuit of nothing in particular.

At once Mr. Tryon conceived the idea of instructing the animal in something more useful than chasing next week. At once the education of the dog commenced. It was not long before Hector could count up to ten, carefully scratching long straight lines in the sand. Then the instruction continued in other branches of arithmetic until today Hector is perhaps the champion lightning calculator in the canine world. Worth his weight in gold? Don't insult the proud and fond owner by suggesting a sale at any price.

### CALLS FOOTBALL "WORST ABUSE OF MODERN COLLEGE"

**F**OOTBALL at the great American universities is the "worst abuse of the modern college system," Dr. Charles Alexander Richmond, president of Union college of Schenectady, N. Y., asserted in an address at the annual banquet of the college alumni from the middle west in Chicago.

"The football situation in most colleges is disgraceful," Dr. Richmond said. "Fathers and mothers allow their sons to be exploited in the arena for profit, like circus performers or vaudeville actors. Academies are scraped for athletic material, and inducements of all kinds are offered to promising athletes."

"The men that go into football are driven and coached under the professional system until they have no time for study. They have no time for anything but athletics."

## Played Hookey From School to Learn to Box—Now a Champion

**JIMMY CLABBY**, middleweight champion of America and possessor of a strange hold on the world's title for his name division, made his mark under his own name.

The Indian was introduced in his youth to the squared circle by his father, who took him to the first mill he ever witnessed. When asked as to whether there were parental objections to his embarking in the game, Clabby answered:

"When my father took me to boxing, why he'd travel in his stocking feet over a hard shell road just to see two good, clever fellows mix!"

Clabby is a son of good down east stock. He hails from Norwich, Conn. His recollections of his birthplace are scanty, for he was a baby of four when his father, a steel rolling mill man, migrated to Hammond, Ind.

Some nine years ago, when Jimmy, then fourteen years of age, was escorted by his daddy to see a couple of boys don the gloves, he was introduced to Ole Olson, the featherweight, who was well known in the middle west not many years ago, and that was what started Clabby ringward. He admits playing hookey from school on various occasions just to take some lessons from Olson—and Father Clabby had no protests to offer when the real facts became known.

Clabby's first bout was at Laporte, where he put on the gloves with some unknown in a six round affair that was called a draw.

"Right there was where I turned professional," explains the king of the middles. "They took up a ringside collection, and I received \$6 for my services, the first money I ever earned."

Incidentally, it gave Jimmy the idea of how to make a living. Already he had been expelled from school because of his tendency to settle arguments with his fists, and there was nothing to hinder his turning into an out and out gentleman of the padded ring.

The years 1906 and 1907 saw Clabby a full fledged performer in the short round game around his home state, and finally he increased his prestige until he was doing nicely in Milwaukee.

Now the champion boasts proudly that he has taken part in more twenty round contests than any pugilist in the ring at the present time. Twenty-seven is Clabby's record.

Where did he acquire the cleverness that makes him so much of an attraction and so successful?

"Just picked it up, I guess," was his reply. "Boxing always seemed to come naturally to me."

"I have the leverage system. When boxing I put my opponent's body to one side, then swing him around. Ever see Frank Gotch wrestle? Well, that's one of his stock moves. It works as well in boxing as it does in wrestling."

Clabby likes to box. Outside of his profession, Jimmy has a dozen hobbies, most of them of the open air variety, that keep him in good shape.

He's a baseball bug of the virulent type and can shake hands and call by name 40 per cent of the big leaguers, for he never misses a game when the opportunity affords.

He's a tennis sharp and an all around athlete.

Clabby likes to read good books—not the trashy sort—and to attend night performances.

He's of a saving disposition. Several years ago Clabby opened a cafe and restaurant in Hammond, a city of some 25,000 population, and his dad is installed as the boss. Also he has accumulated some bank stock that returns an investment of 12 per cent, and he's the owner of an apartment house.

As the money comes in from his athletic ventures Clabby sends a fair proportion of it to Indiana, so that it will be awaiting the time when he is done with the game.

"What are you going to do when you're through with boxing?" brought from Clabby, "Back to Hammond and go into business with my father."

### HAD TO LEARN TO SWIM.

**PERRY MCGILLIVRAY**, international amateur swimming champion, learned to swim because he sailed a boat. Of course Perry could have used a cork jacket, but that is inconvenient, so he scudded around in his "sidewalk" boat with nothing on but a nonchalant smile and a bathing suit.

Sometimes he went over, and then he'd take a swimming lesson.

Since then he has made great progress. He has succeeded in losing his first name and has been dubbed "Oats." He went to Stockholm on the Olympic team and raved when the official report called him "Percy" McGillivray. He had an excellent chance, but the night the finals of his events were to be held he was not eating Lud fish and smorgasbord with a couple of natives.

Perry holds twenty records—to put them down in type would make this look like a time table—and he hasn't lost them all out of his system.

## EACH MAN SHOULD BE HIS OWN ATHLETIC TRAINER, SAYS GOTCH

**F**RANK GOTCH, world's champion wrestler, in a recent talk to the students of Ames university on the subject of athletic training, revealed some interesting data as to his method. Gotch disagrees with some of the noted physical culture exponents on present day methods and incidentally gives the system a rap.

"I dare say," declares Gotch, "that if each man should take on himself the responsibility of being his own trainer he would be a much better athlete than he would otherwise. If it were possible for the coaches to study the needs and characteristics of the individual man and work with each one as a unit

instead of training them as a group the present day athletes would be superior to what they are now."

"My own personal methods of training are not applicable to the college man, for he has such a short time to prepare himself for an athletic event, but this much of my training methods he can adopt—that of being his own trainer."

"I have found it a great pleasure to solve the problems of my own physical machine; to find out just what it ought to do and just what it ought not to do. During my training I was always careful not to overtax my strength. For instance, one day I

would take twenty miles of road work and the next day I'd start out with a hundred miles. I discovered just how much I could stand, and I never was all in."

"A man should quit training feeling vigorous, snappy and full of life and not like the present day athlete, who is told to quit after the coach has worked him until all worn out."

"Defeat is a good thing for an athlete. A reversal instills a greater amount of fighting spirit into a man. When I first started in the wrestling game I took three good beatings, and it was the best thing that ever happened to me. I then learned to fight my battles alone and to fight gamely."

"Ten months of age when I want to see get his share of the knock in this world so that he can fight and not back down in adversity."

"Tobacco should not be used in any form. It was my hardest task to abandon my tobacco smoking habits."

"Moderation in wrestling is good for the college man, but too much of it is bad. I believe that wrestling takes into account every part of the body better than any other form of athletics. Wrestling is good for the college man if he limits himself to fifteen minutes of it in a good stiff manner. That is all he should take at one time."

### CATCHER'S FINGERS AND LEGS TOO CROOKED FOR WATSON.

**DOC WATSON**, the southpaw who was turned loose by the Chicago Cubs last year and who, working for St. Louis, trimmed the links out of the pennant, explains the release. He declares Catcher Jimmy Block's fingers are so crooked that whenever Jim tried to signal for a straight ball it looked like a curve signal. The nearest Jim could get to a straight one was the middle finger of his left hand, which looks like the letter Z. So they decided to use leg signals. The first day Jim tried to signal for a straight ball with his legs Doc cut loose a curve that went to the stands and lost a game, and Doc then discovered Jim was bow-legged.

### BROOKLYN HAS A RECORD.

**B**ROOKLYN is the only major league club which has failed to finish in the first division in the last dozen years. The Braves and Cards climbed out of their second division rut last season, the Braves very emphatically. The Senators got out of their 1912, while even the Browns had first division teams in 1902 and 1908. But the Superbas, like the old brock Mr. Ten-nyson once got enthused about, seems to run in that second division groove forever. However, next year there may be a different story to tell.

Photo by American Press Association.

CHAMPION FRANK GOTCH

## New Demands of Baseball Players' Fraternity

**P**RESIDENT DAVID L. FULTZ of the Baseball Players' fraternity has made public the resolutions which the fraternity recently requested organized baseball to insert in its agreement with the players' association. These provisions, nine in number, were adopted at the annual meeting of the board of directors of the Baseball Players' fraternity on Oct. 13 and submitted to the national commission in New York on Dec. 17.

No formal action was taken at the time the resolutions were presented to Chairman Gerry Herrmann of the commission, but there was considerable discussion regarding the requests and the accompanying brief in their support.

President Fultz points out in the brief that the provisions are intended in part to bring about a better understanding and agreement between the major and minor leagues and the players.

The provisions as presented to the national commission and national board are:

1. A club which releases a player under an optional agreement shall, during the life of the option, pay the difference in salary between that previously paid by said club and that paid by the purchasing club.

2. A club which releases a player outright shall pay the difference in salary, if any, between that previously paid by said club and that paid by the purchasing club for a period of five or ten days, according to the length of notice of unconditional release to which the player is entitled.

3. A player drafted, purchased or released by a club in a higher classification shall report to the said club either before the close of the season of the releasing club or immediately thereafter and shall be put upon salary.

4. A club releasing a player, either outright or optionally, shall serve upon him a written notice containing, in addition to the data mentioned in section 4 of the "fraternity agreement," a statement of the terms of the release of salary he is to receive from the purchasing club, which shall be a reasonable salary for that classification.

5. A club releasing a player, either outright or optionally, shall furnish him with his traveling expenses to the point at which he is to join the purchasing club. The words "traveling expenses" shall, for the purposes of this agreement, mean railroad fare, Pullman fare and price of meals when either or both of the last two items are necessary.

6. A transferred player shall be allowed forty-eight hours in which to leave to join the purchasing team unless a different period is agreed upon in writing between the parties.

7. Minor league players shall receive their traveling expenses from their homes to the training camps incurred in reporting for spring practice.

8. When waivers are asked upon a player the fraternity is to be notified.

9. That the commission and board furnish the management in the various organizations over which they have jurisdiction, respectively, with forms of release, making provision for the several items of information required by the agreement.

### SAYS JACK JOHNSON IS IN GOOD CONDITION

"I SAW a lot of Jack Johnson while I was in London," said George Monroe, who returned from Europe recently. "Jack was well liked in London. He made good money in the halls until the falling off of patronage in all of them compelled managers to drop expensive cards like Johnson. Jack told me that the French president had asked him to go to the front."

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"That talk of his swimming in champagne is all poppycock. Don't worry. He's a smart negro, that fellow. He'll be in Reno shape when he faces Willard. He was arrested twice in London—once for speeding and once for standing still—and fined in both instances. He doesn't fear any man. His confidence is the wonderful thing about him. Willard will have youth, weight, reach, night—everything but experience. If Johnson is to be beaten it will be at the hands of a man like Willard."

"I know personally twelve Americans Johnson has staked to a ride home to America. He never refuses to help an American. He seems to have plenty of money, but I know a lot of it is tied up. His one great ambition is to be the best biscuit maker in the world. Every night of his life he bakes a pan of biscuits to eat with tea before he retires. He's up bright and early making another batch for breakfast. When I saw him he had reached the stage where he could make a batter and bake a panful without wearing an apron. That seemed to give him as much real joy as winning the championship. Eggs-nogs are his other speciality. I took Kid Black over there. They think him the greatest little American fighter they ever saw."

"Oh! I forgot to say that Johnson shipped two autos, his man, a secretary and a trainer to Buenos Aires, so he can't be so awfully fat broke."